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Bd. April 78.

The gift of
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17 Oct. 1877.

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Shakespeare, William.

(HAMNET EDITION.)

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH:

By William Shakespeare

ACCORDING TO THE FIRST FOLIO

(SPELLING MODERNISED).

WITH REMARKS ON

SHAKSPERE'S USE OF CAPITAL LETTERS

IN HIS

MANUSCRIPT.

AND A FEW NOTES.

BY

ALLAN PARK PATON.

EDINBURGH: EDMONSTON & COMPANY.

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It must have occurred to many who have studied his Works in the First Folio (1623), that Shakspere had a rule of distinguishing in his Manuscripts, by a Capital Letter, every Word which ought to be emphasised, in order to the bringing out of his full meaning; this system having been originally adopted, no doubt, for the guidance of Players in the delivery of their parts. That this First Folio was in scrupulous accordance with "his own writings" (and not "the copies" with which the public had been thitherto abused), we learn from its Dedication; and that these writings were legible, and nice in every particular, we know through the oft-quoted words of its Editors: "We have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." But, altogether apart from this assurance, we, for ourselves, would have been satisfied that the First Folio was printed from the Poet's Manuscripts, though this one thing, namely, the frequent and invariably intelligent employment of Capital Letters, quite away from proper names, or the beginnings of lines or sentences, and in situations where these are by no means commonly met with, even in printed books of the same character and period. Shakspere seems to have so marked every word he intended stress to be laid on, and here, in our opinion, is the Key to the way in which he read his own Works, and in which they ought to be read by others.

While there are fewer Capital Letters in the earlier Works included in the original Folio, and while, no doubt, many belonging to the twenty-two Plays of which it was the first Edition (and which are rich in them), escaped the loving vigilance of Heminge and Condell, in their self-imposed, laborious, and admirably executed task, still there exist thousands upon thousands of them, and there is not one such crowned word but stands up authoritatively as an interpreter on behalf of the author. It is no mere chance, or

antiquated fashion of printing, that regulates them. They will be found on examination, pregnant with significance, and just as much Shakspere's, as any other part of his work. Verbs not commencing lines or sentences are often so marked, and indeed, every Part of Speech will be found invested with them, where it is required.

The following extracts will manifest the thoughtfulness with which the Capitals have been allocated, and the variety of circumstances in which they occur, and any reader of them may easily satisfy himself, that if a word so distinguished is emphasised, the true spirit of the language cannot be missed.

Seems Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seems.

These indeed Seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that Within, which passeth show.

See,
Posthumus Anchors upon Imogen.

You do not meet a man, but Frowns.

My Mother bows,
As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should
In supplication Nod.

That Kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true Lip
Hath Virgined it e'er since.

To sleep, perchance to Dream.

The dread of something after death,
The undiscovered Country, from whose Bourn
No Traveller returns, Puzzles the will.

And these few Precepts in thy memory
See thou Character.

Go get you home, you Fragments.

I will Prophesy. He comes to tell me of the Players.

You might have Rhymed.

No place indeed should murder Sanctuarise.

Nature prompts them
In simple and low things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others.

And so, with shrieks
She melted into Air.

This dream of mine
Being now awake, I'll Queen it no inch further,
But milk my Ewes, and weep.

The blessed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Air, whilst you
Do Climate here.

I do not think
So fair an Outward, and such stuff Within
Endows a man, but he.

Past Grace? Obedience?
Past hope, and in despair, that way past Grace.

You Lie up to the hearing of the Gods.

Hold my heart;
And you my sinews, grow not instant Old.

Did he receive you well?
Most like a Gentleman.

Though this be madness,
Yet there is Method in't.

His Promises, were as he was then, Mighty:
But his performance, as he is now, Nothing.

He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruin
Leapt from his Eyes.

Men's evil manners live in Brass, their Virtues
We write in Water.

Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that Dare.

For look you I may make the belly Smile.

On's Brows, Menenius.

I have made strong proof of my Constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the Thigh.

Dost Dialogue with thy Shadow?

Thou hast a Grim appearance, and thy Face
Bears a Command in't: Though thy Tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a Noble Vessel.

His peremptory Shall.

They choose their Magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, against a graver Bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece.

Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were Flead?

Were it my Cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a Prompter.

Your Mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome Friendly.

Hah, no more moving?
Still as the Grave.

Is there not Rain enough in the sweet Heavens
To wash it white as Snow?

Who knows,
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent

His powerful Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdom, and Infranchise that.

Let's kill him Boldly and not Wrathfully.

I'll have grounds
More Relative than this: The Play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King.

Once put out that Light,
Thou cunning'st Pattern of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
Thou can thy Light re-Lume.

Such examples may be sufficient to testify to the value of these Capital Letters in the First Folio Text of Shakspere, guided by which any one will, almost necessarily, read what is set down, with good accent, and persons who may have studied the Plays preparatory to Acting, Teaching, or Public Reading, and underlined the words to be emphasised, will get valuable help, or a pleasing surprise, on comparing the results of their independent consideration with the Folio of 1623, or a reliable Reprint of it. Fortunately, the First Folio being out of the reach of the general public, there do exist Fac-similes, through which many may have access to that Treasure House. Mr Booth's Reprint, published in 1864, was a true boon to all lovers of the Poet, but the Photographic Fac-simile published last year by Messrs Chatto & Windus, with an Introduction by Mr Halliwell-Phillipps, is the best piece of fortune which has yet befallen the Shaksperian student, and we cannot conceive a better laid out half-guinea, than that through which he can obtain possession of this marvellous reproduction, which, as Mr Halliwell-Phillipps remarks, will, "for all usual practical objects of study, place its owner on a level with the envied possessors of the far-famed original," including Lady Burdett-Coutts, who, to her honour be it repeated, paid for her copy of it, £714.

As to the value of these Capital Letters in connexion with

Public Reading, the writer is able to speak after some experience. Excepting the Three Parts of Henry the Sixth, Richard the Third, Titus Andronicus, Measure for Measure, The Comedy of Errors, All's Well that Ends Well, and The Two Gentlemen of Verona, he has read in public all Shakspere's Plays, and several of them two or three times over, each Reading occupying about two hours. In doing this he, for the advantage of its legibility, used Boydell's Atlas Folio Edition; each Play bound separately, and latterly, and for several seasons before his Readings ceased, he brought the text of this Edition to correspond with that of the First Folio, carefully transferring to it all the Capital Letters. The result was that he found much that he had previously marked for emphasis confirmed, and that he had been wrong as to the emphasising of many words. He also had numerous new subjects of emphasis suggested, and altogether, he is quite aware that the effect of the language on his audiences and himself was thereby greatly strengthened.

These Capital Letters began to drop away, as we shall presently shew, with the Second Folio, 1632, and all the modern Editions, so far as we are aware, (and while we write about a dozen lie beside us), are clean swept of them; the old Forest-like Text, bristling with suggestion, being now reduced to something like a treeless prairie. This difference will be made clearer by placing before the reader, in parallel columns, Cranmer's Speech in the last Scene of Henry the Eighth, as printed in the First Folio, and the same, as it appears in Knight's Edition :—

Let me speak Sir,	Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter,	For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think Flattery; for they'll find 'em Truth.	Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This Royal Infant, Heaven still move about her;	This royal infant (Heaven still move about her!)

Though in her Cradle, yet now promises
Upon this Land a thousand thousand Blessings,
Which Time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A Pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: *Saba* was never
More covetous of Wisdom, and fair Virtue
Than this pure Soul shall be. All Princely Graces
That mould up such a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurse her:
Holy and Heavenly thoughts still Counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her;
Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow:
Good grows with her.
In her days, Every Man shall eat in safety,
Under his own Vine what he plants; and sing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God shall be truly known, and those about her,

Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd: Her own shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow:
Good grows with her.
In her days, every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her

From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,
And by those claim their greatness; not by Blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
The Bird of Wonder dies, the Maiden Phœnix,
Her Ashes new create another Heir,
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her Blessedness to One,
(When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
Who, from the Sacred Ashes of her Honour
Shall Star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terror,
That were the Servants to this chosen Infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright Sun of Heaven shall shine,
His Honour, and the greatness of his Name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,
And like a Mountain Cedar, reach his branches,
To all the Plains about him: Our Childrens Children
Shall see this, and bless Heaven.
She shall be to the happiness of England,
An aged Princess; many days shall see her,

From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of his name,
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:—Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless Heaven.
She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,

And yet no day without a deed to Crown it.	And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more: But she must die,	Would I had known no more! but she must die—
She must, the Saints must have her; yet a Virgin,	She must, the saints must have her— yet a virgin;
A most unspotted Lily shall she pass	A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To th' ground, and all the World shall mourn her.	To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

Following this comparison, it may serve more than one purpose to present, in the same way, Shakspere's well-known description of Cleopatra on the Cydnus, as it stands in the First Folio, and the corresponding passage in North's Plutarch, as it is printed in the Editions of 1603 and 1612. It will be seen how the unbroken printing of the extract from the Biography, sends the special words of the Tragedy into strong relief, and how fifteen of the words adopted by Shakspere from North have had the Capital Letters bestowed on them.

She disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus, the poope whereof was of gold, the sailes of purple, and the oares of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, how-boyes, cithernes, vials, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of herselfe: she was lay'd under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddesse Venus, commonly drawne in picture: and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparelled as Painters do set foorth good Cupid, with little fans in their	The Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold, Purple the sailes: and so perfumed that The Windes were Love-sicke. With them the Owers were Silver, Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made The water which they beate to follow faster; As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person, It begger'd all description, she did lye, In her Pavillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,

hands with which they fanned wind upon her. Her Ladies and Gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the Nimphes Nereides (which are the Myrmaides of the waters) and like the Graces, some stearing the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet savour of perfumes that perfumed the Wharfes side.

Ore picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancie out-work Nature. On each side her,
Stood pretty Dimpled Boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers couloured Fannes whose wind did seem
To glowe the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.
Her Gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many Mer-maides tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helme
A seeming Mer-maide steers. The Silken Tackle,
Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent Wharfes.

As has been said, these Capital Letters began to disappear with the publication of the Second Folio, and it may be interesting to follow them, in a few of the Plays, through the Four Folios, that is, from 1623 till 1685.

In the Hamlet of the First Folio (length about 3,334 lines), there are, apart from proper names and the commencement of lines and sentences, about 1,720 words with Capital Letters. In the Second Folio (1632), they were reduced by 339; in the Third (1664), by 117; and in the Fourth (1685), by 84; showing a loss, in these sixty two years, of 540.

In The Tempest (length about 2,333 lines), there are in the First

Folio, 722. This was reduced in the Second to 661; in the Third to 649; and in the Fourth to 606; showing a loss of 116.

In Coriolanus (length about 3,783 lines), there are in the First Folio, 2142, reduced in the Second to 2040; in the Third to 1971; and in the Fourth to 1921, showing a falling off of 221.

The joint number of Words with a Capital Letter in these three Plays in the First Folio, and which disappeared during the course of the three succeeding Folios, was thus 877.

On the other hand, in these Three succeeding Folios additional Words received the Capital Letter, and the three Plays just referred to, acquired such in the following proportions:—Hamlet, from the Second Folio, 39; from the Third, 45; and from the Fourth, 134; in all, 218. The Tempest, from the Second, 14; from the Third, 62: and from the Fourth, 110; in all, 186. Coriolanus, from the Second, 1; from the Third, 18; and from the Fourth, not fewer than 679 (a disproportion meaning something); in all 698.

A desire to see one of the Plays printed in an easily legible and handy form, with the Text according to the First Folio (spelling modernised), and with the original Capital Letters restored, has led to the present Edition of Macbeth, in which, as it stands, there will be found about 1,467 of these *thinking* Capitals, as we may call them. This number had in the Second Folio shrunk to 1,356; in the Third, to 1,230; and in the Fourth, the number was reduced to 1,180.

From all this, one gets the impression that through the course of the Four Folios Shakspere's Manuscripts existed and regulated; that such a number of Capital Letters being omitted was not an unlikely thing in so gigantic a task; and that so little were they lost through ignorance or carelessness of their value, that previous omissions were from time to time made up.

In its sixty-two years' passage through the faithful Folios, Macbeth had its number of Special Capitals reduced to 1180, but 48 years later, we find in Theobald's Edition (1733), only 261

of the Original Veterans surviving, nearly 1200 having disappeared in the course of little more than a century, and now, as we have said, they have all disappeared.

It may here be observed, that, while Theobald discarded so many of Shakspere's Capitals in Macbeth, he himself bestowed such letters on between sixty and seventy words not so distinguished in the Folios, and from a short consideration of one or two of these newcomers, we think the inferior degree of intelligence by which their existence has been regulated will be obvious. After Macbeth and Banquo are stopped by the Witches (Act 1 Scene 3), Banquo addresses them, and in Theobald's Edition, part of his words stand as follows:—

> **My noble Partner**
> **You greet with present grace, and great prediction**
> **Of noble Having, and of royal Hope,**
> **That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.**
> **If you can look into the Seeds of time,**
> **And say, which Grain will grow and which will not;**

In the First Folio these words are thus printed, (with the exception of the word "Prediction," that receives its Capital in the Fourth Folio,—and this is one of many instances in which, one Uncapitaled word being the complement to another Capitaled one in the same line, we may safely conclude that *its* Capital Letter was in the Manuscript, but overlooked by the printer,)—

> **My Noble Partner**
> **You greet with present Grace and great Prediction**
> **Of Noble having, and of Royal hope,**
> **That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.**
> **If you can look into the Seeds of Time,**
> **And say, which Grain will grow, and which will not;**

and comparison of these shews, we think, important differences. For example, Theobald, in printing "noble Having" and "royal Hope," puts the emphasis on mere having and hope, but by Noble

having and Royal hope we have suggested something exceptional and arresting; and by his printing, "If you can look into the Seeds of time," the very soul of the image, TIME, is made secondary, though to it must always belong the ruling emphasis. Again, in the same Scene Macbeth demands:—(Folio)

> Say from whence
> You owe this strange Intelligence, or why
> Upon this blasted Heath you stop our way,
> With such Prophetic greeting?

which Theobald prints:—

> Say, from whence
> You owe this strange intelligence? or why
> Upon this blasted heath you stop our way,
> With such prophetic Greeting?

and here, though a greeting is in itself nothing uncommon, the stress is laid on that word, but it was an unusual greeting, and, therefore, Shakspere *stamped* it with his signet-Capital.

> With such Prophetic greeting.

While each of the succeeding Folios dropped such a number of the original Capital Letters in Macbeth, they, among them, added to it 125 new ones. These we thought, at first, of incorporating in the Text, and distinguishing them by figures or footnotes, but believing, on consideration, that it would be better for the reader of the Tragedy not to have his attention disturbed, (except by its few difficult passages and spaces of blurred punctuation, on which it is best to try one's own wit before seeing the opinions of others,) we here give a separate list of the lines in which such new Capitals appear, and they can be easily added to the text with the pen by any who may come to believe in them, and think attention to them would be to advantage.

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Lines in Macbeth containing Words with Capitals found in the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, in addition to those in the First Folio.

Aroint thee, Witch, the Rump-fed Ronyon cries	Act	1	Scene 3
You greet with present Grace, and great Prediction	,,		,,
The news of thy Success	,,		,,
Can post with Post	,,		,,
That the Proportion both of thanks, and payment	,,		4
In drops of Sorrow	,,		,,
On all Deservers	,,		,,
The Illness should attend it	,,		5
He brings great News	,,		,,
you Murth'ring Ministers	,,		,,
Give solely Sovereign sway	,,		,,
Golden Opinions from all sorts of People	,,		7
That made you break this Enterprize to me	,,		,,
Of our great Quell	,,		,,
Whence is that Knocking	Act	2	2
I hear a knocking at the South entry	,,		,,
Wake *Duncan* with thy Knocking	,,		,,
Drink, Sir, is a great Provoker	,,		3
Lechery, Sir, it Provokes,	,,		,,
The repetition in a Woman's Ear	,,		,,
To th' amazement of mine Eyes that look't upon't	,,		4
But of that to Morrow	Act	3	1
This I made good to you, in our last Conference	,,		,,
ere to black *Heccat's* Summons	,,		,,
Be large in Mirth	,,		4
My Lord his Throat is cut	,,		,,
safe in a Ditch he bides	,,		,,
There the grown Serpent lies, the Worm that's fled	,,		,,
Thy gory Locks	,,		,,
A Womans story	,,		,,
Too terrible for the Ear	,,		,,
With twenty mortal murthers on their Crowns	,,		,,

Almost at odds with Morning	Act 3	Scene 4
And at the Pit of Acheron	,,	5
That were the Slaves of Drink and Thralls of Sleep	,,	6
Give to our Tables Meat, Sleep to our Nights	,,	,,
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody Knives	,,	,,
In the Cauldron Boil and Bake	Act 4	1
Hear his Speech, but say thou nought	,,	,,
Had I three Ears, I'ld hear thee	,,	,,
For none of Woman born	,,	,,
Unfix his Earth-bound Root	,,	,,
And yet the eight appears, who bears a Glass	,,	1
Wisdom? to leave his Wife, to leave his Babes	,,	2
I pray you School yourself	,,	,,
And do not know ourselves: When we hold Rumor	,,	,,
How will you Live	,,	,,
Poor Pratler, how thou talk'st	,,	,,
Accounted dangerous Folly	,,	,,
Strike Heaven on the face	,,	3
This Tyrant, whose sole Name blisters our Tongues	,,	,,
Though all things foul, would wear the brows of Grace	,,	,,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy Basis sure	,,	,,
The time you may so Hoodwink	,,	,,
Child of Integrity, hath from my Soul	,,	,,
How he solicits Heaven	,,	,,
Hanging a golden stamp about their Necks	,,	,,
He hath a Heavenly Gift of Prophecy	,,	,,
The Deadman's Knell	,,	,,
Now is the time of help: your Eye in Scotland	,,	,,
Would create Soldiers, make our Women fight	,,	,,
Due to some single Breast	,,	,,
Let not your Ears despise my tongue for ever	,,	,,
To add the Death of you	,,	,,
What man, ne're pull your Hat upon your brows	,,	,,
My Wife killed too?	,,	,,
Did Heaven look on	,,	,,
Fell slaughter on their Souls	,,	,,
Be this the Whetstone of your Sword	,,	,,
O I could play the Woman with mine Eyes	,,	,,

seen her rise from her Bed	Act	5	Scene 1
take forth Paper	,,	,,	
and again return to Bed	,,	,,	
You see her Eyes are open	,,	,,	
The Thane of Fife, had a Wife	,,	,,	
This Disease is beyond my practice	,,	,,	
died holily in their Beds	,,	,,	
he cannot come out on's Grave	,,	,,	
To Bed, to Bed: there's knocking at the Gate	,,	,,	
Who knows if *Donalbane* be with his Brother?	,,	2	
And many unrough Youths	,,	,,	
Upon a Dwarfish Thief	,,	,,	
Till Birnane Wood	,,	3	
Fear not *Macbeth*; no man that's born of Woman	,,	,,	
What's your Gracious pleasure?	,,	,,	
Must Minister to himself	,,	,,	
what Purgative Drug	,,	,,	
Would Scour these English hence: Hear'st thou of them	,,	,,	
What Wood is this before us?	,,	4	
The Wood of Birnane	,,	,,	
Towards which, advance the War	,,	,,	
Hang out our Banners on the outward Walls	,,	5	
It is the cry of Women	,,	,,	
As I did stand my Watch upon the Hill	,,	,,	
Your Leafy Screens	,,	6	
Than any is in Hell	,,	7	
More hateful to mine Ear	,,	,,	
Thou wast born of Woman	,,	,,	
On mine own Sword	,,	,,	
But get thee back, my Soul is too much charged	,,	,,	
My Voice is in my Sword	,,	,,	
To one of Woman born	,,	,,	
his Mother's Womb	,,	,,	
word of promise to our Ear	,,	,,	
We'll have thee, as our Rarer Monsters are	,,	,,	
Painted upon a Pole	,,	,,	
Rabble's Curse	,,	,,	
Though Birnane Wood be come to Dunsinane	,,	,,	

And thou oppos'd, being of no Woman born . .	Act 5	Scene 7
Before my Body	,,	,,
I throw my Warlike Shield	,,	,,
Your Son my Lord, has paid a Soldier's debt . .	,,	,,
Ay, and brought off the Field	,,	,,

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. When shall we three meet again?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain?
2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
When the Battle's lost, and won.
3. That will be ere the set of Sun.
1. Where the place?
2. Upon the Heath.
3. There to meet with *Macbeth.*
1. I come, *Gray-Malkin.*
All. Padock calls anon: fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through the fog and filthy air. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarm within. Enter King Malcolm, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the Revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the Serg*e*ant,
Who like a good and hardy Soldier fought
'Gainst my Captivity: Hail brave friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broil,
As thou didst leave it.
Cap. Doubtful it stood,
As two spent Swimmers, that do cling together,

And choke their Art: The merciless *Macdonwald*
(Worthy to be a Rebel, for to that
The multiplying Villainies of Nature
Do swarm upon him) from the Western Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowgrosses is supplied,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebels Whore: but all's too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that Name)
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd Steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) carv'd out his passage,
Till he fac'd the Slave:
Which nev'r shook hands, nor bad farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the Nave to th' Chops,
And fix'd his Head upon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.

Cap. As whence the Sun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwrecking Storms, and direful Thunders
So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells: Mark King of Scotland, mark,
No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norwegian Lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd Arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this our Captains, *Macbeth* and *Banquoh?*

Cap. Yes, as Sparrows, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lion:
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons over-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorise another *Golgotha,*
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gashes cry for help.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They smack of Honor both: Go get him Surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of Rosse.

Lenox. What a haste looks through his eyes?
So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane?*

Rosse. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norwegian Banners flout the Sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal Traitor,
The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a dismal Conflict,
Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arm 'gainst Arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and to conclude,
The Victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness.

Rosse. That now *Sweno,* the Norways King,
Craves composition:
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint *Colmes* inch,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our general use.

King. No more that *Thane* of Cawdor shall deceive
Our Bosom interest: Go pronounce his present death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth.*

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, Noble *Macbeth* hath won.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where hast thou been, Sister?
2. Killing Swine.

3. Sister, where thou?

1. A Sailors Wife had Chestnuts in her Lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:
Give me, quoth I.
Aroint thee, Witch, the rump-fed Ronyon cries.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o' th' *Tiger:*
But in a Sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a Rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2. I'll give thee a Wind.

1. Th'art kind.

3. And I another.

1. I myself have all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I' th' Ship-mans Card.
I'll drain him dry as Hay:
Sleep shall neither Night nor Day
Hang upon his Pent-house Lid:
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary Sev'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his Bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

2. Shew me, shew me.

1. Here I have a Pilots Thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*

3. A Drum, a Drum:
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus do go, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace, the Charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Banquo. How far is't call'd to Soris? What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' Inhabitants o' th' Earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? you seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny Lips: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Mac. Speak if you can: what are you?

1. All hail *Macbeth*, hail to thee *Thane* of Glamis.
2. All hail *Macbeth*, hail to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.
3. All hail *Macbeth*, that shalt be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? i' th' name of truth
Are you fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble having, and of Royal hope,
That he seems wrapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the Seeds of Time,
And say, which Grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear
Your favors, nor your hate.

1. Hail.
2. Hail.
3. Hail.
1. Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.
2. Not so happy, yet much happier.
3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:

So all hail *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*.

1. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all hail.

Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By *Sinells* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor lives

A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence, or why
Upon this blasted Heath you stop our way
With such Prophetic greeting?
Speak, I charge you. *Witches vanish.*

Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water has,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the Air: and what seem'd corporal,
Melted, as breath into the Wind.
Would they had stay'd.

Banq. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane Root,
That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

Macb. And *Thane* of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Banq. To th' self-same tune and words: who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' th' self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian Ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his Kingdoms great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee from our Royal Master thanks,
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail most worthy *Thane,*
For it is thine.
Banq. What, can the Devil speak true?
Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor lives:
Why do you dress me in borrowed Robes?
Ang. Who was the *Thane,* lives yet,
But under heavy Judgment bears that Life,
Which he deserves to lose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did line the Rebel with hidden help,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countrys wreck, I know not:
But Treasons Capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. Glamis, and *Thane* of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.
Do you not hope your Children shall be Kings,
When those that gave the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them.
Banq. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crown,
Besides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The Instruments of Darkness tell us Truths
Win us with honest Trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the Imperial Theme. I thank you Gentlemen:
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If ill? why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.
If good? why do I yield to that suggestion,

Whose horrid Image doth unfix my Hair,
And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribs,
Against the use of Nature? Present Fears
Are less than horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of Man,
That Function is smother'd in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not.
Banq. Look how our Partner's rapt.
Macb. If Chance will have me King,
Why Chance may Crown me,
Without my stir.
Banq. New Honors come upon him
Like our strange Garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.
Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the Hour, runs through the roughest Day.
Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favour:
My dull Brain was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind Gentlemen, your pains are register'd,
Where every day I turn the Leaf,
To read them.
Let us toward the King: think upon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The *Interim* having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free Hearts each to other.
Banq. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then enough:
Come friends. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolm, Donalbaine, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor?*
Or not those in Commission yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I have spoke with one that saw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly he
Confessed his Treasons, implor'd your Highness Pardon,
And set forth a deep Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leaving it. He died,
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless Trifle.
King. There's no Art,
To find the Mind's construction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute Trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O worthiest Cousin,
The sin of my Ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest Wing of Recompense is slow,
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might have been mine: only I have left to say,
More is thy due, than more than all can pay.
Macb. The service, and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself.
Your Highness part, is to receive our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Servants; which do but what they should,
By doing everything safe toward your Love
And Honor.
King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Banq. There if I grow,
The Harvest is your own.
King. My plenteous Joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, Kinsmen, *Thanes,*
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate upon
Our eldest, *Malcolm,* whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must
Not unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of Nobleness, like Stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.
Macb. The Rest is Labor, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the Harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leave.
King. My worthy *Cawdor.*
Macb. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars hide your fires,
Let not Light see my black and deep desires:
The Eye wink at the Hand; yet let that be,
Which the Eye fears, when it is done to see.
King. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless Kinsman. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. *They met me in the day of success: and I have learn'd by the perfect'st report, they have more in them, than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they made themselves Air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I*

stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Missives from the King, who all-hail'd me Thane *of Cawdor, by which Title before, these weyward Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with hail King that shalt be. This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest Partner of Greatness) that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what Greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet do I fear thy Nature,
It is too full o' th' Milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win.
Thould'st have, great Glamis, that which cries,
Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou do'st fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my Spirits in thine Ear,
And chastise with the valour of my Tongue
All that impedes thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal. *Enter Messenger.*
What is your tidings?

Mess. The King comes here to Night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy Master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his Message.

Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great news. *Exit Messenger.*
The Raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*

Under my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the Crown to the Toe, top-full
Of direst Cruelty: make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access, and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breasts,
And take my Milk for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,
Where-ever, in your sightless substances,
You wait on Natures Mischief. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of Hell,
That my keen Knife see not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the Blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*
Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor,
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter,
Thy Letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest Love,
Duncan comes here to Night.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.
Lady. O never,
Shall Sun that Morrow see.
Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a Book, where men
May read strange matters, to beguile the time.
Look like the time, bear welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: look like th' innocent flower,
But be the Serpent under 't. He that's coming,
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This Nights great Business into my despatch,
Which shall to all our Nights, and Days to come,
Give solely sovereign sway, and Masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady. Only look up clear:

To alter favor, ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Hautboys, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat,
The air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Banq. This Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve,
By his loved Mansonry, that the Heavens breath
Smells wooingly here: no Jutty frieze,
Buttress, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they must breed, and haunt: I have observ'd
The air is delicate. *Enter Lady.*

King. See, see, our honor'd Hostess:
The Love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as Love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor, and single Business, to contend
Against those Honors deep, and broad,
Wherewith your Majesty loads our House:
For those of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd up to them, we rest your Ermites.

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We coursd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his Purveyor: But he rides well,
And his great Love (sharp as his Spur) hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and Noble Hostess
We are your guest to night.

La. Your Servants ever,

Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Highness pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Host we love him highly,
And shall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leave Hostess. *Exeunt.*

Scena Septima.

Hautboys. Torches.

Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with Dishes and Service over the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly: If th' Assassination
Could trammel up the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Success: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Here,
But here, upon this Bank and Schoole of time,
We'ld jump the life to come. But in these Cases,
We still have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, return
To plague th' Inventer. This even-handed Justice
Commends th' Ingredience of our poison'd Challice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subject,
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,
Who should against his Murtherer shut the door,
Not bear the knife my self. Besides, this *Duncan*
Hath borne his Faculties so meek; hath been
So clear in his great Office, that his Virtues
Will plead like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And Pity, like a naked New-born-Babe,
Striding the blast, or Heavens Cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless Curriors of the Air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,

That tears shall drown the wind. I have no Spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on th' other. *Enter Lady.*
How now? What News?

La. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

La. Know you not, he has?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Business:
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I have bought
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

La. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to look so green, and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afear'd
To be the same in thine own Act, and Valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
And live a Coward in thine own Esteem?
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poor Cat i' th' Adage.

Macb. Prythee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.

La. What Beast was't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man:
And to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given Suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milks me,
I would, while it was smiling in my Face,

Have pluckt my Nipple from his Boneless Gums,
And dasht the Brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady. We fail?

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail: when *Duncan* is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard Journey
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlains
Will I with Wine, and Wassail, so convince,
That Memory, the Warder of the Brain,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reason
A Limbeck only: when in Swinish sleep,
Their drenched Natures lies as in a Death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded *Duncan*? What not put upon
His spungy Officers? who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell.

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children only:
For thy undaunted Mettle should compose
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own Chamber, and us'd their very Daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our Griefs and Clamor roar,
Upon his Death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch before him.

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

Fleance. The Moon is down: I have not heard the Clock.

Banq. And she goes down at Twelve.

Fleance. I take 't, 'tis later, Sir.

Banq. Hold, take my Sword:
There's Husbandry in Heaven,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.
A heavy Summons lies like Lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep:
Merciful Powers, restrain in me the cursed thoughts
That Nature gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A Friend.

Banq. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's abed.
He hath been in unusual Pleasure,
And sent forth great Largess to your Offices.
This Diamond he greets your Wife withal,
By the name of most kind Hostess,
And shut up in measureless content.

Mac. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Banq. All's well.
I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters,
To you they have shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that Business
If you would grant the time.

Banq. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,
When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you.
Banq. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My Bosom franchis'd, and Allegeance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
Macb. Good repose the while.
Banq. Thanks, Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*
Macb. Go bid thy Mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*
Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not fatal Vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Mind, a false Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to use.
Mine Eyes are made the fools o' th' other Senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody Business, which informs
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o'er the one half World
Nature seems dead, and wicked Dreams abuse
The Curtain'd sleep: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecat's* Offrings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Centinel, the Wolf,
Whose howl's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With *Tarquin's* ravishing sides, towards his design
Moves like a Ghost. Thou sowre and firm-set Earth
Hear not my steps, which they may walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,

And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

A Bell rings.

I go, and it is done: the Bell invites me.
Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
That summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.
Hark, peace: it was the Owl that shriek'd,
The fatal Bell-man, which gives the stern'st good-night.
He is about it, the Doors are open:
And the surfeited Grooms do mock their charge
With Snores. I have drugg'd their Possets,
That Death and Nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what ho?

Lady. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us: hark: I laid their Daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't.
My Husband?

Macb. I have done the deed:
Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady. I heard the Owl scream, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark, who lies i' th' second Chamber?
Lady. Donalbaine,
Macb. This is a sorry sight.
Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep,
And one cried Murther, that they did wake each other:
I stood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,
And addrest them again to sleep.
Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cried God bless us, and Amen the other,
As they had seen me with these Hangman's hands:
List'ning their fear, I could not say Amen,
When they did say God bless us.
Lady. Consider it not so deeply.
Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat.
Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways: so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth does murther Sleep, the innocent Sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd Sleeve of Care,
The death of each day's Life, sore Labors Bath,
Balm of hurt Minds, great Nature's second Course,
Chief nourisher in Life's Feast.
Lady. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, Sleep no more to all the House:
Glamis hath murther'd Sleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleep no more: *Macbeth* shall sleep no more.
Lady. Who was it, that thus cried? why worthy *Thane,*
You do unbend your Noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things: Go get some Water,
And wash this filthy Witness from your Hand.
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy Grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid, to think what I have done:

Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose:
Give me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Childhood,
That fears a painted Devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the Faces of the Grooms withal,
For it must seem their Guilt. *Exit.*

Knock within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great *Neptune's* Ocean wash this blood
Clean from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Green one, Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I shame
To wear a Heart so white. *Knock.*
I hear a knocking at the South entry:
Retire we to our Chamber:
A little Water clears us of this deed.
How easy is it then? your Constancy
Hath left you unattended. *Knock.*
Hark, more knocking.
Get on your Night-Gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be Watchers: be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, *Knock.*
'Twere best not know myself.
Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:
I would thou could'st. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter. *Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed: if a man were Porter of

Hell Gate, he should have old turning the Key. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there i' th' name of *Belzebub?* Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himself on th' expectation of Plenty: Come in time, have Napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't. *Knock.* Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other Devil's Name? Faith here's an Equivocator, that could swear in both the Scales against either Scale, who committed Treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: oh come in, Equivocator. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there? Faith here's an English Tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose: Come in Tailor, here you may roast your Goose. *Knock.* Knock, Knock. Never at quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. I'll Devil-Porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all Professions, that go the Primrose way to th' everlasting Bonfire. *Knock.* Anon, anon; I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carousing till the second Cock:
And Drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleep, and Urine. Lechery Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drink may be said to be an Equivocator with Lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the Lie, leaves him,

Macd. I believe Drink gave thee the Lie last Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i' the very Throat on me: but I requited him for his Lie, and (I think) being too strong for him, though he took up my Legs sometime, yet I made a Shift to cast him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?
Our knocking has awak'd him: here he comes.
Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.
Macb. Good morrow both.
Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy *Thane?*
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I have almost slipp'd the hour.
Macb. I'll bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in, Physics pain:
This is the Door.
Macd. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited service.
Exit Macduff.
Lenox. Goes the King hence to-day?
Macb. He does: he did appoint so.
Lenox. The Night has been unruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blown down,
And (as they say) lamentings heard i' th' Air;
Strange Screams of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dire Combustion, and confus'd Events,
New hatch'd to th' woeful time.
The obscure Bird clamor'd the live-long Night.
Some say, the Earth was feverous,
And did shake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.
Lenox. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee.
Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-piece:

Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed Temple, and stole thence
The Life o' th' Building.

Macb. What is't you say, the Life?

Lenox. Mean you his Majesty?

Macd. Approach the Chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new *Gorgon.* Do not bid me speak:
See, and then speak yourselves: awake, awake,

Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarum-Bell: Murther, and Treason,
Banquo, and *Donalbaine: Malcolm* awake,
Shake off this Downy sleep, Deaths counterfeit,
And look on Death itself: up, up, and see
The great Dooms Image: *Malcolm, Banquo,*
As from your Graves rise up, and walk like Sprites,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Business?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House? speak, speak.

Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition in a Womans ear,
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo, Banquo,* Our Royal Master's murther'd.

Lady. Woe, alas:
What, in our House?

Ban. Too cruel, anywhere.
Dear *Duff,* I pr'ythee contradict thy self,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time: for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortality:

All is but Toys: Renown and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawn, and the mere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolm, and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountain of your Blood
Is stopp'd, the very Source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your Royal Father's murther'd.
Mal. Oh, by whom?
Lenox. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd, we found
Upon their Pillows: they star'd, and were distracted,
No man's Life was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, and furious,
Loyal, and Neutral, in a moment? No man:
Th' expedition of my violent Love
Out-run the pauser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,
His Silver skin, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruins wasteful entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love; and in that heart,
Courage, to make's love known?
Lady. Help me hence, ho.
Macd. Look to the Lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Donal. What should be spoken here,
Where our Fate hid in an augur hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away,

Our Tears are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow
Upon the foot of Motion.
Banq. Look to the Lady:
And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure; let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence, I fight
Of Treasonous Malice.
Macd. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' th' Hall together.
All. Well contented. *Exeunt.*
Malc. What will you do?
Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the false man does easy.
I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland, I:
Our separated fortune shall keep us both the safer:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The near in blood, the nearer bloody.
Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to Horse,
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosse, with an Old man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I have seen

Hours dreadful, and things strange: but this sore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Rosse. Ha, good Father,
Thou seest the Heavens, as troubled with man's Act,
Threatens his bloody Stage: by th' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet dark Night strangles the travailing Lamp:
Is't Night's predominance, or the Day's shame,
That Darkness does the face of Earth intomb,
When living Light should kiss it?
Old man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,
A Falcon tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a Mousing Owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.
Rosse. And *Duncan's* Horses,
(A thing most strange, and certain)
Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make War with Mankind.
Old man. 'Tis said, they eat each other.
Rosse. They did so:
To th' amazement of mine eyes that look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff.*
How goes the world Sir, now?
Macd. Why see you not?
Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slain.
Ross. Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were subborned,
Malcolm, and Donalbaine the King's two Sons
Are stolen away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still,
Thriftless Ambition, that will raven up

Thine own lives means: Then 'tis most like,
The Sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth.*
Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Rosse. Where is *Duncan's* body?
Macd. Carried to Colmekill.
The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,
And Guardian of their Bones.
Rosse. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No Cousin, I'll to Fife.
Rosse. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well may you see things well done there: Adieu
Lest our old Robes sit easier than our new.
Rosse. Farewell, Father.
Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyard Women promis'd, and I fear
Thou play'dst most fouly for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that my self should be the Root, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee *Macbeth,* their Speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me up in hope. But hush, no more.

Senit Sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox, Rosse. Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief Guest.
La. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great Feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn Supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Banq. Let your Highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good Lord.
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave, and prosperous)
In this day's Council: but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this, and Supper. Go not my Horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a dark hour, or twain.
Macb. Fail not our Feast.
Ban. My Lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear our bloody Cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel Parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow,
When therewithal, we shall have cause of State,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to Horse:
Adieu, till you return at Night.
Goes *Fleance* with you?
Ban. Ay, my good Lord: our time does call upon's.
Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot:
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. *Exit Banquo.*

Let every man be master of his time,
Till seven at Night, to make society
The sweeter welcome:
We will keep our self till Supper time alone:
While then, God be with you.

Exeunt Lords.

Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men
Our pleasure?

Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Palace-Gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. *Exit Servant.*

To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:
Our fears in *Banquo* stick deep,
And in his Royalty of Nature reigns that
Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntless temper of his Mind,
He hath a Wisdom, that doth guide his Valour,
To act in safety. There is none but he,
Whose being I do fear: and under him,
My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Anthony's was by *Cæsar*. He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the Name of King upon me,
And bad them speak to him. Then Prophet-like,
They hailed him Father to a Line of Kings.
Upon my Head they plac'd a fruitless Crown,
And put a barren Sceptre in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal Hand,
No Son of mine succeeding: if't be so,
For *Banquo's* Issue have I fil'd my Mind,
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd,
Put Rancours in the Vessel of my Peace
Only for them, and mine eternal Jewel
Given to the common Enemy of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seeds of *Banquo* Kings.
Rather than so, come Fate into the List,
And champion me to th' utterance.
Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Now go to the Door, and stay there till we call.

Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Murth. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then,
Now have you consider'd of my speeches:
Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so under fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent self.
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Past in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd:
The Instruments: who wrought with them:
And all things else, that might
To half a Soul, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did *Banquo.*

1. *Murth.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so:
And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Do you find your patience so predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this go?
Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his Issue, whose heavy hand
Hath bow'd you to the Grave, and beggar'd
Yours for ever?

1. *Murth.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the Catalogue ye go for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mongrels, Spaniels, Curs,
Shocks, Water-Rugs, and Demi-Wolves are clipt
All by the Name of Dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receive

Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' th' worst rank of Manhood, say't,
And I will put that Business in your Bosoms,
Whose execution takes your Enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart; and love of us,
Who wear our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. *Murth.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blows and Buffets of the World
Hath so incens'd, that I am reckless what I do,
To spite the World.

1. *Murth.* And I another,
So weary with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would set my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemy.

Murth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being, thrusts
Against my near'st of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall,
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the Business from the common Eye,
For sundry weighty Reasons.

2. *Murth.* We shall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

1. *Murth.* Though our Lives—

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you.
Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o' th' time,

The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Palace: always thought,
That I require a clearness; and with him,
To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the Work:
Fleance, his Son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me,
Than is his Father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour: resolve yourselves apart,
I'll come to you anon.

Murth. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within,
It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soul's flight,
If it find Heaven, must find it out to Night. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Servant. Ay, Madam, but returns again to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure,
For a few words.

Servant. Madam, I will. *Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone?
Of sorriest Fancies your Companions making,
Using those Thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on: things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor Malice
Remains in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things dis-joint,

Both the Worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our Meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible Dreams,
That shake us Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the Mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.
Duncan is in his Grave:
After Life's fitful Fever, he sleeps well,
Treason has done his worst: nor Steel, nor Poison,
Malice domestic, foreign Levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.
Lady. Come on:
Gentle my Lord, sleek o'er your rugged Looks,
Be bright and Jovial among your Guests to Night.
Macb. So shall I Love, and so I pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo*,
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we must lave
Our Honors in these flattering streams,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Mind, dear Wife:
Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleance* lives.
Lady. But in them, Nature's Copy's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable,
Then be thou jocund: ere the Bat hath flown
His Cloister'd flight, ere to black *Heccat's* summons
The shard-born Beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung Night's yawning Peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.
Lady. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeling Night,
Scarf up the tender Eye of pitiful Day,
And with thy bloody and invisible Hand

Cancel and tear to pieces that great Bond,
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing to th' Rooky Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droop, and drowse,
Whiles Nights black Agents to their Preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So prythee go with me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murtherers.

1. But who did bid thee join with us?
3. *Macbeth.*
2. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our Offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
1. Then stand with us:
The West yet glimmers with some streaks of Day.
Now spurs the lated Traveller apace,
To gain the timely Inn, and near approaches
The subject of our Watch.
3. Hark, I hear Horses.
Banquo within. Give us a Light there, ho.
2. Then 'tis he:
The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' th' Court.
1. His Horses go about.
3. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to th' Palace Gate
Make it their Walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.
3. 'Tis he.
1. Stand to't.
Ban. It will be Rain to Night.

1. Let it come down.
Ban. O, Treachery!
Fly good *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,
Thou may'st revenge. O Slave!
3. Who did strike out the Light?
1. Was't not the way?
3. There's but one down: the Son is fled.
2. We have lost
Best half of our Affair.
1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host:
Our Hostess keeps her State, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
La. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murtherer.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts thanks
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' th' mid'st,
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a Measure
The Table round. There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatch'd?
Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.
Mac. Thou art the best o' th' Cut-throats,
Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance:
If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareil.

Mur. Most Royal Sir
Fleance is scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my Fit again:
I had else been perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rock,
As broad, and general, as the casing Air:
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts, and fears. But *Banquo's* safe?
Mur. Ay, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a Death to Nature.
Macb. Thanks for that:
There the grown Serpent lies, the worm that's fled,
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. *Exit Murderer.*
Lady. My Royal Lord,
You do not give the Cheer, the Feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis given, with welcome: to feed were best at home:
From thence, the sauce to meat is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digestion wait on Appetite,
And health on both.
Lenox. May't please your Highness sit.
Macb. Here had we now our Country's Honor, roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present:
Who, may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for Mischance.
Rosse. His absence (Sir)
Lays blame upon his promise. Pleas't your Highness
To grace us with your Royal Company?
Macb. The Table's full.
Lenox. Here is a place reserv'd Sir,

Macb. Where?
Lenox. Here my good Lord.
What is't that moves your Highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good Lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Rosse. Gentlemen rise, his Highness is not well.
Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep Seat,
The fit is momentary, upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the Devil.
La. O proper stuff:
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the Air-drawn Dagger which you said
Led you to *Duncan.* O, these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story, at a Winter's fire
Authoris'd by her Grandam: shame it self,
Why do you make such faces? When all's done
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Pr'ythee see there:
Behold, look, lo, how say you:
Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speak too.
If Charnel-houses, and our Graves must send
Those that we bury, back; our Monuments
Shall be the Maws of Kites.
La. What? quite unmann'd in folly.
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
La. Fie for shame.
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time
Ere human Statute purg'd the gentle Weal:
Ay, and since too, Murthers have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear. The times has been,
That when the Brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: But now they rise again
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murther is.

La. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:
Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all,
Then I'll sit down: Give me some Wine, fill full:

Enter Ghost.

I drink to th' general joy o' th' whole Table,
And to our dear Friend *Banquo*, whom we miss:
Would he were here: to all, and him we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold:
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

La. Think of this, good Peers
But as a thing of Custom: 'Tis no other,
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian Bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcan Tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm Nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the Desert with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible shadow,
Unreal mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone
I am a man again: pray you sit still.

La. You have displac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a Summer's Cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural Ruby of your Cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
Rosse. What sights, my Lord?
La. I pray you speak not: he grows worse and worse
Question enrages him: at once, good night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty.
La. A kind good night to all. *Exit Lords.*
Macb. It will have blood they say:
Blood will have Blood:
Stones have been known to move, and Trees to speak:
Augurs, and understood Relations, have
By Magot Pies, and Choughs, and Rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of Blood. What is the night?
La. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou that *Macduff* denies his person
At our great bidding.
La. Did you send to him Sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way: But I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a Servant Feed. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.
More shall they speak: for now I am bent to know
By the worst means, the worst, for mine own good,
All causes shall give way. I am in blood
Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,

Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.
La. You lack the season of all Natures, sleep.
Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young indeed. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecat.

1. Why how now *Hecat*, you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reason (Beldams) as you are?
Saucy, and overbold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Traffic with *Macbeth*,
In Riddles, and Affairs of death;
And I the Mistress of your Charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art?
And which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward Son,
Spiteful, and wrathful, who (as others do)
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' th' Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Destiny.
Your Vessels, and your Spells provide,
Your Charms, and every thing beside;
I am for th' Air: This night I'll spend
Unto a dismal, and a Fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere Noon.
Upon the Corner of the Moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that distill'd by Magic sleights,
Shall raise such Artificial Sprights,
As by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall spurn Fate, scorn Death, and bear
His hopes 'bove Wisdom, Grace, and Fear:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals chiefest Enemy.

Music, and a Song.

Hark, I am call'd: my little Spirit see
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and stays for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

1. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be
Back again. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Have but hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth:* marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,
Whom you may say (if't please you) *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled: Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for *Malcolm,* and for *Donalbane*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,
How it did grieve *Macbeth?* Did he not straight
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the Slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that Nobly done? Ay, and wisely too:
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that I say,
He has borne all things well, and I do think,
That had he *Duncan's* Sons under his Key,
(As, and 't please Heaven he shall not) they should find
What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleance.*

But peace; for from broad words, and cause he fail'd
His presence at the Tyrant's Feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The Sons of *Duncan*
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Lives in the English Court, and is receiv'd
Of the most Pious *Edward*, with such grace,
That the malevolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduff*
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Siward*,
That by the help of these (with him above
To ratify the Work) we may again
Give to our Tables meat, sleep to our Nights;
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful Homage, and receive free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate their King, that he
Prepares for some attempt of War.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff?*

Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I
The cloudy Messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, you'll rue the time
That clogs me with this Answer.

Lenox. And that well might
Advise him to a Caution, t'hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy Angel
Fly to the Court of England, and unfold
His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering Country.
Under a hand accurs'd.

Lord. I'll send my Prayers with him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2. Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pig whin'd.
3. Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1. Round about the Caldron go:
In the poison'd Entrails throw
Toad, that under cold stone,
Days and Nights, has thirty-one:
Swelter'd Venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

2. Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frog,
Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dog:
Adders Fork, and Blind-worm's Sting,
Lizard's leg, and Howlet's wing:
For a Charm of powerful trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

3. Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
Witches Mummy, Maw, and Gulf
Of the ravin'd salt Sea shark:
Root of Hemlock, digg'd i' th' dark:
Liver of Blaspheming Jew,
Gall of Goat, and Slips of Yew,
Sliver'd in the Moon's Eclipse:
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips:
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,

Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
Make the Gruel thick, and slab.
Add thereto a Tiger's Chawdron,
For th' Ingredience of our Cawdron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

2. Cool it with a Baboon's blood,
Then the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' th' gains:
And now about the Cauldron sing
Like Elves and Fairies in a Ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

Music and a Song. Black Spirits, &c.

2. By the pricking of my Thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Locks, who ever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now you secret, black, and midnight Hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you Profess,
(How ere you come to know it) answer me:
Though you untie the Winds, and let them fight
Against the Churches: Though the yesty Waves
Confound and swallow Navigation up:
Though bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees blown down,
Though Castles topple on their Warders' heads:
Though Palaces, and Pyramids do slope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure
Of Nature's Germaine, tumble altogether,
Even till destruction sicken: Answer me
To what I ask you.

1. Speak.

2. Demand.
3. We'll answer.
1. Say, if th' had'st rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our Masters.
Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.
1. Pour in Sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Grease that's sweaten
From the Murderer's Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.
All. Come high or low:
Thy Self and Office deftly show. *Thunder.*

1. *Apparition, an Armed Head.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power.
1 He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
1 *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:*
Beware *Macduff,*
Beware the Thane of Fife: dismiss me. Enough.
He Descends.
Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word more.
1. He will not be commanded: here's another
More potent than the first. *Thunder.*

2. *Apparition, a Bloody Child.*

2. *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.*
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
2. *Appar.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute:
Laugh to scorn
The power of man: For none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth.* *Descends.*
Mac. Then live *Macduff:* what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance: double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear, it lies;
And sleep in spite of Thunder. *Thunder.*

3. *Apparition, a Child Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.*

What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,
And wears upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

3. *Appar.* Be Lion mettled, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam Wood, to high Dunsmane Hill
Shall come against him. *Descend.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the Forest, bid the Tree
Unfix his earth-bound Root? Sweet bodements: good:
Rebellious dead, rise never till the Wood
Of Birnan rise, and our high plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the Lease of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal Custom. Yet my Heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell so much: Shall *Banquo's* issue ever
Reign in this Kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal Curse fall on you: Let me know.
Why sinks that Cauldron? and what noise is this? *Hautboys.*

1. Shew.
2. Shew.
3. Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and grieve his Heart,
Come like shadows, so depart.

A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glass in his hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo:* Down:
Thy Crown does sear mine Eye-balls. And thy hair
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Hags,
Why do you shew me this?—A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line stretch out to' th' crack of Doom?
Another yet? A seventh? I'll see no more:
And yet the eight appears, who bears a glass,

Which shews me many more: and some I see,
That Two-fold Balls, and treble Sceptres carry.
Horrible sight: Now I see 'tis true,
For the Blood-boltered *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What? is this so?

1. Ay Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come, Sister, cheer we up his sprites,
And shew the best of our delights.
I'll Charm the Air to give a sound,
While you perform your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties, did his welcome pay. *Music.*

The Witches Dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernicious hour,
Stand aye accursed in the Calendar.
Come in, without there.

Enter Lenox.

Lenox. What's your Grace's will.

Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sisters?

Lenox. No my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Lenox. No indeed my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the Air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did hear
The galloping of Horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now

To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thoght and done:
The Castle of *Macduff*, I will surprise,
Seize upon Fife; give to th' edge o' th' Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Souls
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Fool,
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool,
But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduff's Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Rosse. You must have patience Madam.
Wife. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our Actions do not,
Our fears do make us Traitors.
Rosse. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.
Wife. Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes,
His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not,
He wants the natural touch. For the poor Wren
(The most diminutive of Birds) will fight,
Her young ones in her Nest, against the Owl:
All is the Fear, and nothing is the Love;
As little is the Wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Rosse. My dearest Coz,
I pray you school yourself. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wise, Judicious, and best knows
The fits o' th' Season. I dare not speak much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know ourselves: when we hold Rumor
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent Sea

Each way, and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward,
To what they were before. My pretty Cousin,
Blessing upon you.
Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet he's Father-less.
Rosse. I am so much a Fool, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. *Exit Rosse.*
Wife. Sirrah, your Father's dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As Birds do Mother.
Wife. What with Worms, and Flies?
Son. With what I get I mean, and so do they.
Wife. Poor Bird,
Thou'dst never Fear the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.
Son. Why should I Mother?
Poor Birds they are not set for:
My Father is not dead for all your saying.
Wife. Yes, he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?
Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.
Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.
Wife. Thou speak'st with all thy wit,
And yet i' faith with wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?
Wife. Ay, that he was.
Son. What is a Traitor?
Wife. Why one that swears, and lies.
Son. And be all Traitors, that do so.
Wife. Every one that does so, is a Traitor,
And must be hang'd.
Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie?
Wife. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Wife. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there are Liars and Swearers enough, to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

Wife. Now God help thee, poor Monkey:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. If he were dead, youl'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign, that I should quickly have a new Father.

Wife. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you fair Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here: Hence with your little ones
To fright you thus. Methinks I am too savage:
To do worse to you were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you,
I dare abide no longer. *Exit Messenger.*

Wife. Whether should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?
What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?

Wife. I hope in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a Traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st thou shag-ear'd Villain.

Mur. What you Egg?

Young fry of Treachery?
Son. He has killed me Mother,
Run away I pray you. *Exit crying Murther.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal Sword: and like good men,
Bestride our downfall Birthdom: each new Morn,
New Widows howl, new Orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend: I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but something
You may discern of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor innocent Lamb,
T' appease an angry God.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Malc. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and virtuous Nature may recoil
In an Imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foul, would wear the brows of grace
Yet Grace must still look so.
Macd. I have lost my Hopes.
Malc. Perchance even there
Where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you Wife, and Child?
Those precious Motives, those strong knots of Love,
Without leave-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Jealousies, be your Dishonors,
But mine own Safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed poor Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs,
The Title, is affear'd. Fare thee well Lord.
I would not be the Villain that thou think'st,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you:
I think our Country sinks beneath the yoke,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right:
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall tread upon the Tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my Sword; yet my poor Country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice so grafted,
That when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will seem as pure as Snow, and the poor State
Esteem him as a Lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Devil more damn'd
In evils, to top *Macbeth.*

Mal. I grant him Bloody,

Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitful,
Sudden, Malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none
In my Voluptuousness: Your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maids, could not fill up
The Cistern of my Lust; and my Desire
All continent Impediments would o'er-bear
That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold. The time you may so hoodwink:
We have willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to Greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows
In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such
A stanchless Avarice, that were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Desire his Jewels, and this other's House,
And my more-having, would be as a Sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the Good and Loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Avarice
sticks deeper: grows with more pernicious root
Than Summer-seeming Lust: and it hath been
The Sword of our slain Kings: yet do not fear,
Scotland hath Foysons, to fill up your will
Of your mere Own. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none. The King-becoming Graces,

As Justice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableness,
Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lowliness,
Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several Crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet Milk of Concord, into Hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Mac. Fit to govern? No, not to live. O Nation miserable!
With an untitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his own Interdiction stands accus'd,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy Royal Father
Was a most Sainted-King: the Queen that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees, than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well,
These Evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Breast,
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this Noble passion
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Devilish *Macbeth,*
By many of these trains, hath sought to win me
Into his power: and modest Wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me: For even now
I put myself to thy Direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction. Here abjure
The taints, and blames, I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
Unknown to Woman, never was forsworn,

Scarcely have coveted what was mine own:
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Devil to his Fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life. My first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor Country's to command:
Whither indeed, before they here approach
Old *Siward* with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together: and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted Quarrel. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
I pray you?

Doct. Ay Sir: there are a crew of wretched Souls
That stay his Cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of Art. But at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend. *Exit.*

Mal. I thank you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis called the Evil.
A most miraculous work in this good King,
Which often since my here remain in England,
I have seen him do: How he solicits Heaven
Himself best knows: but strangely visited people
All swoln and Ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken
To the succeeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of Prophecy,
And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,

That speak him full of Grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See who comes here.
Malc. My Countryman: but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever gentle Cousin, welcome hither.
Malc. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us Strangers.
Rosse. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas poor Country,
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air
Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seems
A Modern ecstasy: The Deadman's knell,
Is there scarce asked for who, and good men's lives
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.
Macd. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.
Malc. What's the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age, doth hiss the speaker,
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my Wife?
Rosse. Why well.
Macd. And all my Children?
Rosse. Well too.
Macd. The Tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Rosse. No, they were well at peace, when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How goes't?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the Tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellows, that were out,
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrant's Power a-foot.
Now is the time of help: your eye in Scotland

Would create Soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Malc. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent us good *Siward*, and ten thousand men,
An older, and a better Soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.
Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they,
The general cause, or is it a Fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
Rosse. No mind that's honest,
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humh: I guess at it.
Rosse. Your Castle is surpris'd: your Wife, and Babes
Savagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of these murther'd Deer
To add the death of you.
Malc. Merciful Heaven:
What man, ne'er pull your hat upon your brows:
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My Children too?
Ro. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence? My wife kill'd too?
Rosse. I have said.
Malc. Be comforted.
Let's make us Med'cines of our great Revenge,

To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say All? O Hell-kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Dam
At one fell swoop?

Malc. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so:
But I must also feel it as a man;
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me: Did heaven look on
And would not take their part? Sinful *Macduff*,
They were all struck for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heavens,
Cut short all intermission: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and myself
Within my Sword's length set him, if he scape
Heaven forgive him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above
Put on their instruments: Receive what cheer you may,
The Night is long, that never finds the Day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a Waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two Nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown upon her, unlock her Closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards Seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard her say?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady, with a Taper.

Lo you, here she comes: This is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleep: observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay but their sense are shut.

Doct. What is it she does now?
Look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lad. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks, I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

La. Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to do't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Soldier, and afear'd? what need we fear? who knows it, when none can call our power to account: yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now? What will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that my Lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to:
You have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

La. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. 'Pray God it be sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lad. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gown, look not so pale: I tell you yet again, *Banquo's* buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. *Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad: unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their Secrets:
More needs she the Divine, than the Physician:
God, God forgive us all. Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her: So goodnight,
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night good Doctor. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Uncle *Siward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnan wood
Shall we well meet them, that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if *Donalbaine* be with his brother?

Len. For certain Sir, he is not: I have a File
Of all the Gentry; there is *Siward's* Son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of Manhood.

Ment. What does the Tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly Fortifies:
Some say he's mad: Others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certain
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,
Now minutely Revolts upbraid his Faith-breach:
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: Now does he feel his Title

Hang loose about him, like a Giant's Robe
Upon a dwarfish Thief.
Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd Senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him, does condemn
Itself, for being there.
Cath. Well, march we on,
To give Obedience, where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weal,
And with him pour we in our Country's purge,
Each drop of us.
Lenox. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the Sovereign Flower, and drown the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them fly all:
Till Birnane wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with Fear. What's the Boy *Malcolm?*
Was he not born of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortal Consequences, have pronounced me thus:
Fear not *Macbeth,* no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures,
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd Loon:
Where got'st thou that Goose-look.
Ser. There is ten thousand.
Macb. Geese Villain?
Ser. Soldiers Sir.
Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear
Thou Lily-liver'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?

Death of thy Soul, those Linen cheeks of thine
Are Counsellors to fear. What Soldiers Whey-face?
Ser. The English Force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. *Seyton,* I am sick at heart,
When I behold: *Seyton,* I say, this push
Will cheer me ever, or dis-eate me now.
I have liv'd long enough, my way of life
Is fall'n into the Sear, the yellow Leaf:
And that which should accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Love, Obedience, Troops of Friends,
I must not look to have; but in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What News more?
Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.
Give me my Armor.
Seyt. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on:
Send out more Horses, skirr the Country round,
Hang those that talk of Fear. Give me mine Armor:
How does your Patient, Doctor?
Doct. Not so sick my Lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming Fancies
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure of that:
Canst thou not Minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Brain,
And with some sweet Oblivious Antidote
Cleanse the stufft bosom, of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the Patient

Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw Physic to the Dogs, I'll none of it.
Come put mine Armour on: give me my Staff:
Seyton, send out: Doctor, the Thanes fly from me:
Come sir, despatch. If thou couldst Doctor, cast
The Water of my Land, find her Disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristive Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That should applaud again. Pull't off I say,
What Rhubarb, Cyme, or what Purgative drug
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay my good Lord: your Royal Preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnane Forest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away, and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's Son, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, and Soldiers Marching.

Malc. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That Chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnane.

Malc. Let every Soldier hew him down a Bough,
And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Malc. 'Tis his main hope:

For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the Revolt,
And none serve with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just Censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious Soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculative, their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue, strokes must arbitrate,
Towards which, advance the war. *Exeunt marching.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is still, they come: our Castle's strength
Will laugh a Siege to scorn: Here let them lie,
Till Famine and the Ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

A Cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of Fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a Night-shriek, and my Fell of hair
Would at a dismal Treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't. I have supp'd full with horrors,
Direness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word:
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdays, have lighted Fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing. *Enter a Messenger.*
Thou com'st to use thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.
Mes. Gracious my Lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.
Macb. Well, say sir.
Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the Hill
I look'd toward Birnane, and anon me thought
The Wood began to move.
Macb. Liar, and Slave.
Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three Mile may you see it coming.
I say, a moving Grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st fhlse,
Upon the next Tree shalt thou hang alive
Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt th' Equivocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth: Fear not, till Birnane Wood
Do come to Dunsinane, and now a Wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, Arm, and out,
If this which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the Sun,
And wish th' estate o' th' world were now undone.
Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Wind, come wrack,
At least we'll die with Harness on our back. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Drum and Colours.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff and their Army, with Boughs.

Mal. Now near enough:
Your leavy Screens throw down,
And shew like those you are: You (worthy Uncle)
Shall with my Cousin your right Noble Son,
Lead our first Battle. Worthy *Macduff*, and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well:
Do we but find the Tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets speak, give them all breath
Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, and Death. *Exeunt.*

Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake, I cannot fly,
But Bear-like I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of Woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Siward.

Y. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Y. Siw. No: though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth.*

Y. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a Title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No: nor more fearful

Y. Siw. Thou liest abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

Fight, and young Siward slain.

Macb. Thou wast born of woman;
But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a Woman born. *Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant shew thy face,
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My Wife and Children's Ghosts will haunt me still:
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their Staves; either thou *Macbeth,*
Or else my Sword with an unbattered edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be,
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him Fortune,
And more I beg not. *Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolm and Siward.

Siw. This way my Lord, the Castle's gently render'd:
The Tyrant's people, on both sides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do bravely in the War,
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Malc. We have met with Foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter Sir, the Castle. *Exeunt. Alarum.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn Hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:

But get thee back, my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villain
Than terms can give thee out. *Fight. Alarum.*
Macb. Thou losest labour,
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant Air
With thy keen Sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I bear a charmed Life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy Charm,
And let the Angel, whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his Mother's womb
Untimely ript.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be these Juggling Fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee Coward,
And live to be the show, and gaze o' th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer Monsters are
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
Here may you see the Tyrant.
Macb. I will not yield
To kiss the ground before young *Malcolm's* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabble's curse.
Though Birnane wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduff*,
And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.
Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slain.
Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours,
Malcolm, Siward, Rosse, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we miss, were safe arriv'd.
Siw. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your Noble Son.
Rosse. Your son my Lord, has paid a soldier's debt,
He only liv'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his Prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Rosse. Ay, on the Front.
Siw. Why then, God's Soldier be he:
Had I as many Sons, as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his Knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more,
They say he parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff; with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail King, for so thou art.
Behold where stands
Th' Usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy Kingdom's Pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds:
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.
Hail King of Scotland.
All. Hail King of Scotland. *Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an Honor nam'd: What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchful Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queen;
Who (as 'tis thought) by self and violent hands,
Took off her life. This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the Grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite, to see us Crown'd at Scone.

Flourish. *Exeunt Omnes.*

NOTES.

The Period Embraced by the Tragedy.

Without having some idea of the time which Shakspere may be supposed to have had in his mind, as enclosing the incidents of his various Plays, many points of great importance will be passed over.

As regards *this* Tragedy, although we are told that the actual Macbeth's reign was about seventeen years, more than twice as long as Duncan's, (but all the History we need for Macbeth is in it,) it seems that Shakspere intended it to be understood as running its full course, in between two or three months, at the farthest.

The following statement will shew the grounds of this opinion:

First Day.

The Witches meet, probably after dawn.—Act 1 Scene 1.
The Battle is fought.
The news of Victory is brought to Duncan at Forres.—Scene 2.
Macbeth and Banquo are stopped by the Witches "ere set of sun."
—Scene 3.
They arrive at Forres, in all probability that night.

Second Day.

Macbeth waits on the King, early we may suppose, and starts for Inverness, the King and his company following at once.—Scene 4.
Lady Macbeth reads the letter, written and despatched by Macbeth on reaching Forres the previous night, and *before* he knew of Duncan's intention to be their guest, and the swift rider arrives, and Macbeth close upon him.—Scene 5.
Duncan and his suite reach Macbeth's Castle.—Scene 6.
The King's murder is decided on.—Scene 7.

Third Day.

The King is murdered, early in the morning.—Act 2 Scene 1.
The Knocking is heard.—Scene 2.

Macduff, &c., enter, and the murder is discovered; the Princes fly, and Macbeth goes to Scone to be invested.—Scenes 3 and 4.

FOURTH DAY.

Macbeth appears as King, and hires the Two Murderers connected with Banquo's death.—Act 3 Scene 1.

The King and Queen confer, and Macbeth hints at the approaching Crime.—Scene 2.

Banquo is murdered.—Scene 3.

The great Feast is held (to which Macduff would not go), the Apparition is presented, and Macbeth resolves to see the Weird Sisters next morning.—Scene 4.

Hecate and the Witches meet, and they receive orders from her to be at the Pit of Acheron.—Scene 5.

Lennox and another talk of Macduff's flight to England.—Scene 6.

FIFTH DAY.

The Witches meet Macbeth, and the series of Apparitions is shewn him. He resolves on the destruction of Macduff's Wife and Family.—Act 4 Scene 1.

SIXTH DAY.

They are murdered.—Scene 2.

SEVENTH DAY.

Macduff and Malcolm confer before Edward's Palace. The King has put at Malcolm's disposal ten thousand men, who are ready to march, and only wait on orders. Their immediate departure is arranged.—Scene 3.

EIGHTH DAY.

The Queen walks in her sleep.—Act 5 Scene 1.

NINTH DAY.

Menteith marches in the Country near Dunsinane towards Birnam, to join the English Army.—Scene 2.

Macbeth is told of his approach.—Scene 3.

TENTH DAY.

The English are in the Country near Birnam, and conceal themselves

with broken branches.—Scene 4.

The Queen dies (commits suicide, it is supposed,) and Birnam Wood is seen coming to Dunsinane.—Scene 5.

Malcolm and the English reach the Castle, and throw down the branches.—Scene 6.

The Battle is engaged in, and Macbeth kills young Siward.—Sc. 7.

Macbeth and Macduff meet, Macbeth is slain and beheaded, and Malcolm proclaimed King.

It will be seen from the above, that in about ten days all the actual circumstances in the Tragedy occur, but there are four intervals containing what is not brought before us, and for which time must be allowed.

First, there is the interval between Macbeth's starting for Scone to be invested, and his solemn supper at Forres. A few days would do the travelling there and back, but what time the ceremony would take, we cannot say. There is small chance of there having been any mourning-time for Duncan, or decent delay before the Banquet, but several Councils had apparently been held. Suppose we take three weeks to bridge this blank.

There is next, the interval between Macbeth's resolve to slay the Macduffs, and its execution. The shag-haired villains might, we think, do the ride in a couple of days.

Then we have the interval between the Feast (which Macduff would not attend,) and the time when we find him in England with his exiled Prince: for which two weeks may be given.

And lastly, there is the time required for the March of the English to Dunsinane, against which three weeks may be set.

So far as we are able to judge, these allowances are on the ample side, and putting all together, we are under two months and a half.

Act 1 Scene 1.

When shall we three meet again?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain?

These lines are thus printed in the Folio of 1623, with a mark

of interrogation after each, and, having the Author's blotless Manuscript before them, we cannot think it possible that Heminge and Condell could have allowed a mistake to occur in the printing of the very first line of the Work, and must, therefore, believe that it is the Poet's mark of interrogation, religiously retained through the three succeeding Folios, which stands there. Yet Sir Thomas Hanmer removed it, as if it were a slip on the part of the printer, and in all the Modern Editions that we are acquainted with, the lines run:—

When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

which is a different thing. It seems to us that Shakspere could not manage without the two marks of interrogation, odd as they look: that he found it necessary so to arrange the lines, to tell his meaning, which was: "All our meetings are in Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain, when shall our next be?" not, "We meet *sometimes* under other elemental circumstances, but when shall we meet again in Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain?" and this opportunity may be taken to note the importance of remembering, as we study the 1623 Folio, that, though occasionally confused through obvious misprinting, we have before us there, Shakspere's Pointing, as well as his Words. It would seem as if some thought of him, as Theseus and Lysander say of the Prologue in the Midsummer-Night's Dream, "This fellow does not stand upon points"; "he knows not the stop"; for they appear to have often regarded his marks of punctuation as men on a draught-board, to be slid about from one spot to another, and not as nails fastened in a certain place, and after mature consideration. Yet every one familiar with the old Text knows how often he makes even a comma "speak with most miraculous organ," as, for instance, in the lines:—

Into the Air, and what seem'd corporal,
Melted, as breath into the Wind.

From the original punctuation of this Play there have been many departures, of which we can only give one other instance. In the Second Scene of the First Act, the line

Point against Point, rebellious Arm 'gainst Arm,

was changed by Theobald to

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm.

And so it stands, we think, in most of the Modern Editions. Theobald's reason for the change will be found in his Note on the passage, of which we give an exact copy, it being itself a curiosity through the fact of this Editor's dropping about twelve hundred of Shakspere's Capital Letters from this one Play, as if they were of no account, while, to impress his own meaning, he employs fourteen such letters in this Note of seven lines, and, indeed, in all his Notes there is a plethora of Capitals: "Here again We are to quarrel with the Transposition of an innocent Comma; which however becomes dangerous to Sense, when in the hands either of a careless or ignorant Editor. Let us see who is it that brings this rebellous Arm? Why, it is Bellona's Bridegroom: and who is He, but Macbeth. We can never believe our Author meant anything like This. My Regulation of the Pointing restores the true Meaning; that the loyal Macbeth confronted the disloyal Cawdor, arm to arm." There seems no ground for disturbing the innocent comma, for in the Dictionaries of Gouldman, Cole, &c., the word "rebellious" is twice entered, there being a different meaning at each entry, the one "rebellious" signifying *disloyal* or *traiterous*, and the other, *resolved, resolute, stout, stubborn, obstinate*, which was evidently intended here, as if the line ran:

Point against Point, *determined* Arm 'gainst Arm.

Act 1 Scene 3.

"Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o' th' Tiger:"

("Aleppo is a City of wonderful great trading, and as well known to England—or at least to our English Merchants—as Kingston-upon-Thames."—*Coverte's Voyages and Travels*, 1611. The Sailor's Wife may have been newly married. "A new married woman in Feroe is fed on a rump of beef, with the tail erected and adorned with ribbons."—*Landt's Feroe Islands.*)

" But in a Sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a Rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do."

The Note to this passage in one of the Modern Editions of Shakspere, is, "She threatens in the shape of a rat to gnaw through the hull of the Tiger, and make her spring a leak." But, in our opinion, this was what, in her fiendish vindicativeness, the Witch never dreamt of doing. It was evidently to the destruction of the Tiger's *rudder* that she intended to apply her energies; and this view accepted, "the Pilot's Thumb," that ghastly treasure, takes an appropriate and strange significance. Had the Tiger sprung a leak, she would have gone down, and "there an end on't," but she was to be knocked about, the sport of the elements, for more than a year and a half, unable to sink, and probably not to be lost in the end, but to strand on some unknown shore far from the many-mosqued City, or to drift, with her companionless and skeleton-like skipper, into her own bay:

" Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own Countree?"

In the eight lines in this scene, commencing, "I'll drain him dry as Hay," we seem, indeed, to have the reef, out of which grew "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

Act 1 Scene 3.

" *The insane Root*
That takes the Reason Prisoner."

There have been many notes on this passage, and the prevailing opinion of Editors has been that Shakspere found the insane root in an old medical work. Some interpret "hemlock," some "henbane," and some *solatrum amentiale*, or "deadly nightshade," and quotations are given about their causing madness. The same thing is said of *solanum maniacum* (with regard to the root mixed with wine) in Matthiole's Commentaries, 1544; and Salmon, in his New

London Dispensatory, 1676, containing "the choicest things of the eternally renowned Paracelsus, the concise Schroeder, the laborious Quercetan," and other worthies, says, of deadly nightshade, "it troubles the mind and causeth madness"

Holinshed, as "the single authority consulted by Shakspere for this as for all other plays connected with the Histories of England and Scotland," has been largely quoted in connection with one edition, and we have, in the course of the narrative, the following:

"The Scots hereupon took the iuyce of Mekilwort beries and mixed the same in theyr ale and bread, sending it thus spiced and confectioned in great abundance unto their enimies."

Here we have the note—

"Hector Bœce calls it Solatrum Amentiale, that is Deadly Nightshade; of which Gerard, in his Herball, writes, "This kind of Nightshade causeth sleepe, troubleth the minde, bringeth madness, if a few of the berries be inwardly taken"—the Editors adding "perhaps this is the insane root;" but Holinshed says nothing of a root, or the Mekilwort's maddening quality; he speaks of berries and sleep.

Shakspere's main quarry for materials for Macbeth was indeed Holinshed's Chronicle, published in 1577, and George Buchanan's *Rerum Scoticarum Historia* (on which he had been engaged for about twenty years) was published in 1582. Writing a work based on Scottish history and legend, Shakspere would naturally, we think, find out what the Scottish historian had said upon the subject.

Buchanan, at the same point at which Holinshed has just been quoted, says (we here use an edition of the translation, London, 1733):—

"That gift was acceptable to the Norwegians not so much on the account of the Scots Bounty, or their own Penury, as that they thought it was a sign their spirits were cowed, quite spent and broken. Whereupon a great deal of Bread and Wine was sent them, both Wine pressed out of the grape and also strong Drink made of

Barley Malt, mixed with the juice of a poysonous Herb, abundance of which grows in Scotland, called Sleepy Nightshade. The stalk of it is about two Foot long," &c.

Here there is given a particular description, concluding thus:

"The vertue of the Fruit, *Root*, and especially of the Seed is soporiferous, AND WILL MAKE MEN MAD if taken in too great quantities. Duncan knowing that the force of the potion would reach to their very vitals, whilst they were asleep had in great silence admitted Macbeth," &c.

Buchanan's own words are—

"Vulgo Solanum Somniferum vocant. . . . . Vis fructui, *radici*, ac maxime semini, somnifera, et quæ in *Amentiam*, si largius sumantur, agat."

In Oliver Van Noort's Travels to Magellanic Streights, &c., 1598, we find, "Here was a plant like sneezewort, good against the scurvy; and another which caused madness, making some that tasted it almost distracted for a time."

Act 1 Scene 5.

"*Come to my Woman's Breasts,*
And take my Milk for Gall."

Whoever has read the Witch-Trials needs only to be reminded how the greater number of professing or supposed Witches were not only in the habit of being themselves sucked by devils in various forms, but that they were able, invisibly, to deprive their more human sisters of their natural milk. A strong local witch-element having been always about her, which was now intensified by a kind of friendly league, and every cost being scorned by her in her ambition to be Queen, Macbeth's wife seems here to invite this sickening interference, dreaded of other women. "My milk for *gall*," means, we think, *in exchange for* gall. She appears to say, "Here: drain away my woman-hood, and let me be as *one* of you, you murth'ring Ministers!"

Act 1 Scene 6.

"Hautboys, and Torches. Enter King," &c.

The remarks of the King and Banquo about the pleasant seat, grateful air, and swallow-nests of Macbeth's Castle, are apt to leave the impression that they reached it *by daylight,* Retsch, in composing his Outline Illustration of the Scene, evidently imagined it as occurring while it was yet day; from Sir Joshua Reynold's well-known observations on the brief dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, it must, we think, be considered that he had the same opinion; at least one Commentator has, in connexion with the passage, spoken of a fine prospect; and in the Theatre, so far as we remember, it is represented as a *daylight* scene.

But Macbeth's Messenger brought the tidings, "The King comes here *to-night*; Macbeth says, "Duncan comes here *to-night*;" Lady Macbeth speaks of Duncan's "hard days journey," and he had, before leaving it, held a Court of consequence, and in all probability dined, at Forres (the distance from which to Inverness would be 40 or 50 miles); when the doomed man meets his hostess, he says, "We are your guest *to-night*;" and, according to the First Folio, when the Royal visitor and his company halted before Macbeth's Castle, they were attended or received by "Hoboys and *Torches.*"

Thus it seems that Shakspere intended us to understand that the fatal Fortress was reached *after dark,* and, in our opinion, it takes greatly from "the horror of the time" to think otherwise. We know what bloody thoughts were *within* it, and when it reveals itself to us in the night through the ruddy glare, (its Lady becoming unsexed and fiendlike, and its Lord, the King's Kinsman, bearing the murderer's Knife, every word of respect and welcome being a lie, and all their hospitality a snare), *the very Castle* undergoes a change, and seems to be wearing a false and murtherous smile, the pendent cradles of the trusting birds are brought into unwonted distinctness, each jutty frieze and buttress is haunted by a restless shadow, and

portions of the Grim Pile stretch into and become blended with the deathlike gloom of thick night.

SAME SCENE.

" The Temple-haunting Barlet."

We think the word " barlet," for which " martlet" is generally substituted, will yet turn up. The following seems to bring us a letter nearer it:—" The swallow, swift and marlet are almost always flying.* The fieldfares and redwings gather into great flocks, so do the swallows and marlets."—Harleian Miscellany, vol. 2, p. 563.

SAME SCENE.

" We rest your Ermites."

Probably a misprint for Eremites. A trisyllable is required.

ACT 1 SCENE 7.

" And Pity, like a naked New-born-Babe,
Striding the blast."

If not otherwise acquainted with it, Shakspere would certainly, if in the Macbeth country, become, in his study of local Superstitions, informed of the belief in the " little Spectres called *tarans*, or the souls of unbaptised infants, often seen flitting among the woods and secret places, bewailing in soft voices their hard fate."

SAME SCENE.

" Screw your courage to the sticking-place."

In one edition of this Tragedy the note runs—

" That is, to the point at which it will remain firm. The metaphor is from some engine or mechanical contrivance."

A similar figure is found in Coriolanus,

" Wrench up thy power to the highest."

And again, Twelfth Night,

" And that I partly know the instrument

That screws me from my true place in your favour."

Compare also Troilus and Cressida,

"But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in thy affairs
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage."

As a "wrest" is an instrument for turning a harp, this last quoted passage lends some probability to Steeven's interpretation of the metaphor before us, that it is derived from "the screwing up the chords of string instruments to their proper degree of tension."

But nothing connected with music was then in the mind of that cruel woman. *What* was there, was an untrembling aim—was what Malcolm called "the murderous shaft"—was *death*. And the metaphor used was, therefore, more probably suggested by something like what may be seen in, for instance. the illustration of the Earl of Haynault taking and destroying Aubenton, in Froissart's *Chronicles*, namely, two soldiers, lapt in proof; one, with his crossbow planted at an angle against the ground, "screwing" by means of a kind of windlass its cord to "the sticking-place," or catch, by which it will be held at furthest stretch; and another who, having surmounted that effort, aims at one of the besieged, with attitude and expression giving assurance that he will "*not* fail."

SAME SCENE.

MACB. "*Bring forth Men-Children only:*
For thy undaunted Mettle should compose
Nothing but Males."

There is suggested by this, that the babe which Macbeth's wife had borne and lost, was a Woman-Child, and that the natural desire of such a masculine and ambitious Woman being for a Man-Child, it was out of her old hope and dream she said:

I would, while it was smiling in my Face
Have pluckt my Nipple from his Boneless Gums
And dasht the Brains out.

ACT 2 SCENE 1.

BANQ. "*Hold, take my Sword:*
There's Husbandry in Heaven,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too."

Probably he bared his head before praying, "Merciful Powers," &c., and gave his helm or bonnet to Fleance to hold.

SAME SCENE.

"*Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,*
The Handle toward my Hand?"

The Apparitions in Macbeth are generally spoken of as if they were *real* spirits (like that of Hamlet's father), and they are introduced so strikingly, and are so impressed on us, through their keen impression upon Macbeth, that we are apt to see with *his* eyes, and to take mock ghosts for true ones. "The ghost of Banquo," and the Apparitions of the armed head, the bloody child, the crowned child, and the eight Kings, in the Fourth Act, were, we know, simply magical delusions, "artificial sprites," as Hecate calls them. Preparing for this display she had spent the night, and in it certainly manifested "the glory of their art," not only through its variety and extent, but also through some of the phantoms uttering words, and pointing and smiling. These, then, not being true, but imitation spirits, the question comes, are "the Ghost of Banquo" at the supper, and the air-drawn dagger on the night of Duncan's murder, not also the creation of the Witches? There seem grounds for considering that this was part of Shakspere's design, and we, at least, must own a feeling of relief through the opinion, that there is only *one class* of appearances employed in the Tragedy; that the dead are noways disturbed; that through all its stormy transactions, Banquo, like Duncan, "sleeps well"; that what has twice appeared as his likeness is a false spectre; and that there is no supernaturalness in the Tragedy higher than that which belongs to "the black art."

There seems a difficulty. The centre of the arch of Macbeth's

rise and fall, is in the fourteenth line of Act 3 Scene 5. Hecate, at one time called by Macbeth *pale* Hecate and at another *black* Hecate, is angry with "the wierd Sisters." They have been, she upbraids them, trading and trafficking ("sic lyke thou art indytet and accused qhair as thou trefekit." Trial of Bessy Roy for Witchcraft, 1590) with Macbeth, in riddles and affairs of death,—the riddles, doubtless, referring to their prophetic and double-meaninged greetings, and the affairs of death to the two murders,—and she, their mistress, has been left out. What is worse, all they have done, she tells them, has been *for* this wayward son; but they are now "to make amends," and to work against him, and towards his ruin. If, however, they, by their sorcery, created and exhibited the semblance of Banquo's Ghost at the supper, and the fatal vision of the dagger, they do not seem to have been altogether in his favor; for the former sight, as we know, maddened him with terror almost leading to exposure, and the latter apparently served no end except to increase agitation upon the verge of his first crime.

Act 2 Scene 2.

"Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't."

This passage has been principally remarked on as "the one touch of pity in Macbeth's wife," "confessed only to herself," but it is otherwise suggestive. The King was advanced in years. The Lady in her sleep-walking scene says, "Who would have thought the *old* man to have had so much blood in him." But Duncan and Macbeth are Cousins, likely to be near an age, and Macbeth speaks of his having lived long enough, that his way of life had fallen into the sear the yellow leaf, and that he was not able to look for that which should accompany *old age*. What is suggested, accordingly, is that, in Shakspere's mind, there was a great disparity of years between the husband and wife. She was a young wife: Macbeth, in common phrase, "was old enough to be her father."

Act 3 Scene 3.

"Enter Three Murtherers."

The question here starts up: Was Macbeth himself the Third Murderer at Banquo's Death?

We do not remember having seen this suggested by any Shaksperian commentator. Yet we think there are grounds for believing that it was part of Shakspere's design—that he purposely left it untold in words, and, as it were, a secret to be found out; and, to any one accepting such a view, the Tragedy will be found, we believe, deepened in effect.

The following are the circumstances on which we rest the opinion:—

1. Although the banquet was to commence at seven, Macbeth (as he had foretold his queen and courtiers) did not go there till near midnight.

2. He had no more than entered the room of state when the first murderer came to tell him of the deed, apparently freshly committed.

3. Absent and alone four or five hours, how had Macbeth been employed? With such a dreadful matter at issue, he could not have been resting or engaged in any other business. He must have been taken up with the intended murder some way or other; and, for ourselves, we cannot conceive of his going to the banquet with the barest chance of his plot miscarrying, and of Banquo's arriving in the midst of the gaiety, with the narrative of the inexplicable and alarming attempt. Bnt if he waited away till his mind would be relieved by a knowledge of the assassination, this could not have been, unless he was personally engaged in it, because it was after he went that he was told. He had indeed actually commenced, in a hearty and confident manner, his duties as host when the stained messenger entered.

4. The two murderers employed (opposite types of evil instruments—the one world-sick, and the other world-hating) Mac-

beth had been, as we know, at great pains to influence for his purpose; and if there had been a *third* man in whose hands he could have put himself, and to whom he could have committed the superintendence of the others, we certainly should have heard of *that* man. *He* would have been Macbeth's chief confidant, and as such would in all probability have been first to reach the banquet room, carrying the longed-for tidings.

5. The first murderer told Macbeth that he "cut Banquo's throat," *that* was his work; but there were twenty wounds in the victim's head—"twenty mortal murthers." A needless and devilish kind of mutilation, not like the work of hirelings.

6. When the third murderer unexpectedly joined the others (be it observed, just before the attack, as if he separately had been listening for the returning travellers), he repeated the orders they had got, so precisely as at once to remove their doubt. He was the first to hear the sound of horse. He showed unusual intimacy with the locality, and the habits of the visitors, &c. It was he who identified Banquo. Probably to do away with the chance of his being recognised, he seems to have struck down the light (although he asked about it); and it was he who, searching the ground, found Fleance escaped.

7. Just as Banquo was struck down, the First Murderer, in his excitement, says:—

> "Well, let's away, and say how much is done."

But we know that he *did not* go at once, for at the feast he tells Macbeth, that "safe in a ditch he bides." Some one must have reminded him that the Body must be disposed of: it was not to lie about proclaiming Murder; it was to be engulphed in a moorland rut. Macbeth's words, after the appearance of Banquo's ghost, are:

> "If Charnel houses, and *our Graves* must send
> Those that *we bury*, back; our Monuments
> Shall be the Maws of Kites."

This "burying" allowed Macbeth to be back at the Castle, to get

cleaned and robed, and be present at the Feast. ("There's blood upon thy face," would apply to dried blood.)

8. There was a levity in Macbeth's manner in his interview with the first murderer at the banquet, which has been frequently remarked on by editors, &c., and which well might be if he personally knew that Banquo was dead. (The passages, "Then comes my Fit again," &c., and "There the grown Serpent lies," &c., should, doubtless, be spoken to himself.)

9. When the Spirit appears, Macbeth asks those about him "which of them had done it," evidently to take their suspicion off himself (for he knew); and his words—

> "Thou canst not say *I* did it: never shake
> Thy gory locks at *me*."—

sound very like "In yon black struggle you could *never know* me."

We said that, accepting such a view, we thought the Tragedy deepened in effect. For instance, it shows Macbeth's terrible degradation in that he could personally, and along with hired murderers, assassinate his friend and fellow-soldier. The "twenty mortal murthers" exhibit the fear of criminal ambition in its utmost activity. In the king disguised, being but a little ago a murderer in the gloom, and now in his regal robes presiding over a banquet, we have a striking contrast. And the shock he sustains on beholding Banquo's phantom is surely intensified through his certainty of his having himself destroyed him, and left him dead beyond all question.

Act 3 Scene 4.

"*If trembling I inhabit then, protest me*"

We know above a dozen different readings of this *one line*, and there may be more existing. It may, we think, mean:—

"If I INHABIT TREMBLING then, protest me"

Not a trembling man inhabiting any *place* or *house*, but a man inhabiting TREMBLING itself—the state of trembling.

"If I, then, inhabit *a* trembling *body like this*"; or, "If then, as now, my spirit (inhabits) lives in, or surrounded by, trembling, protest me the baby of a girl." Upon Macbeth's beholding the ghost of Banquo, his body is lost in its own unnatural *tremor*; *that* tremor has become, as it were, the *body*; and "TREMBLING HE INHABITS."

SAME SCENE.

"*Stones have been known to move, and Trees to speak:*
Augurs, and understood Relations, have
By Magot Pies, and Choughs, and Rooks brought forth
The Secret'st man of Blood."

(Macbeth's use here of this phrase, "the Secret'st man of Blood," seems strangely to support the theory of his having been the Third Murderer.) It has been conjectured that Shakspere here refers to "some story in which the stones covering the corpse of a murdered man were said to have moved of themselves, and so revealed the secret." But *that* would only reveal the murdered man, *not* the secret murderer. May the allusion not be to the rocking stones, ordeal stones, or "stones of judgment," by which it was thought the Druid or Scandinavian Priests tested the guilt or innocence of accused persons? At a slight touch of the innocent, such a stone moved, but "the secret man of blood" found that his best strength could not stir it. If Shakspere visited Macbeth's country to naturalise his materials (as we believe he did) he could not avoid having his attention drawn to several of these "clacha breath." One was close to Glamis Castle.

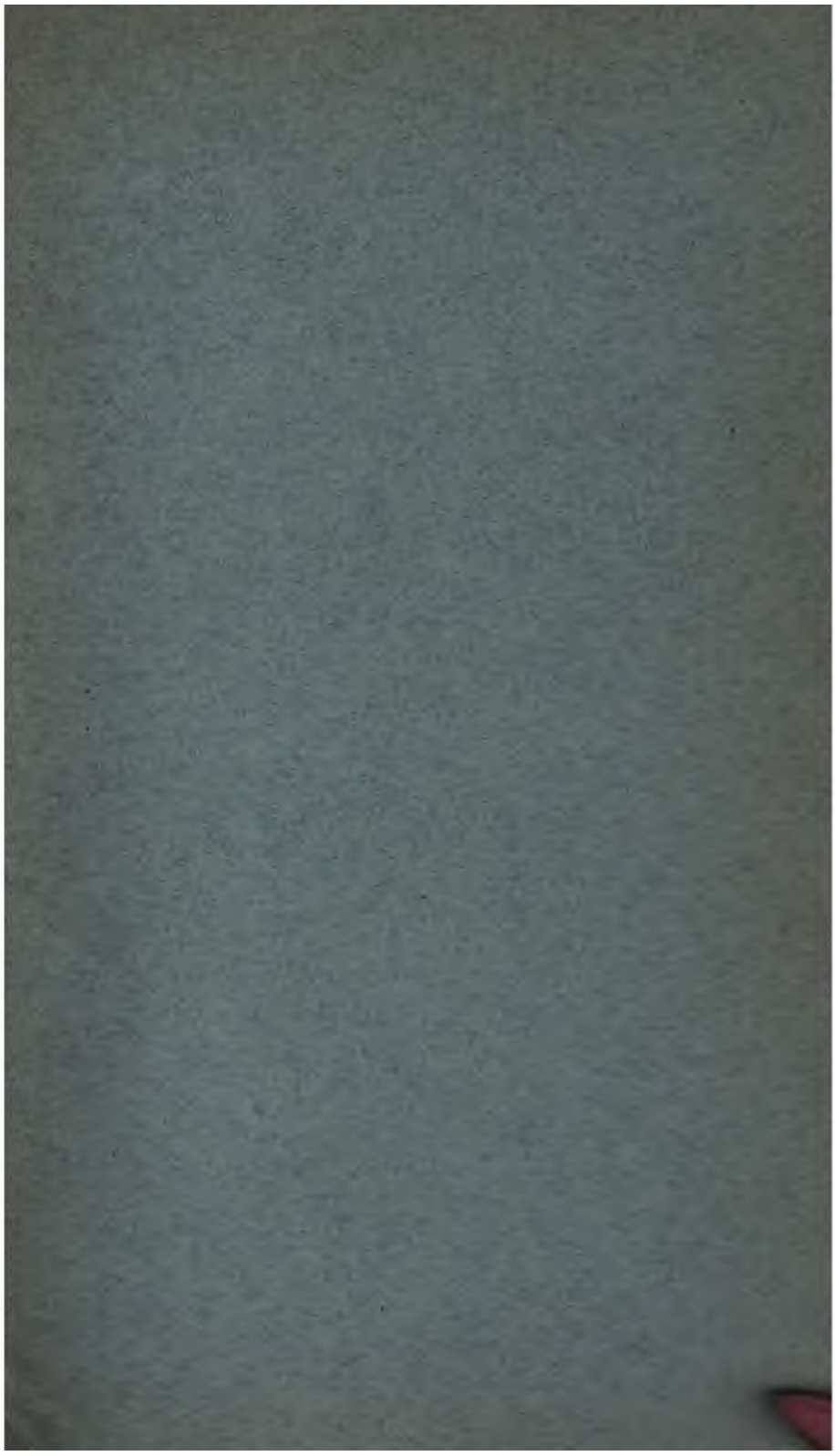
ACT 4 SCENE 1.

"Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time."

As their trials show us, the most of the Witches had imps, and the records abound with cats and toads fulfilling this respectable office. A Witch hanged at Cambridge in 1645 kept a tame frog, or paddock, and it was sworn to as her imp; and there were two

Witches hanged at Lincoln in 1618 for bewitching the Earl of Rutlands' children and making them "peak and pine." One old woman confessed that "she rubbed one of the Lady Catherine's handkerchiefs upon her cat Rutterkin, and bade her fly and go. Whereupon the cat whined and cried "mew," by which she understood that Rutterkin had no power over that young lady." The Graymalkin and Paddock in Macbeth are therefore easily understood, but what "Harpier" represented has hitherto been, and may continue, a puzzle. Steevens thought the word a corruption of Harpy. But the foul, human-faced Harpy of Mythology is altogether out of tune with the Hedge-pig class of imps. However, the long-clawed Crab is called, on the East Coast of Scotland, "the Harper Crab." It is also to be found in Jamieson's Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language, first under "Harper Crab," and then under "Tammy Harper," which is said to be the crab called *Cancer araneus*, Linn. Newhaven. This seems the same with that mentioned by Sir R. Sibbald, "*Cancer varius Gesneri*, the Harper Crab." This may be the gentleman who is wanted. At all events, it is possible that in some of the Aberdeen Trials an amphibious Hag, professing or accused of Witchcraft, "a Witch, an old weather-beaten crone—one that had forgotten her Pater-noster, and yet had a shrewd tongue to call a Drab a Drab,"—(Hutchinson's Witchcraft, p. 6 of Dedication)—may have had a tame or favorite "Tammy Harper" about her, that crawled, tiptoe, into the evidence.

FINIS.



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